

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY ;

OR

Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.]

NOVEMBER.

[No. I.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

To Correspondents - - - -	Page 2
The Loiterer, No. I. - - - -	3
Reflections on Ambition - - - -	6
The Guest, No. I. - - - -	10
Memoirs of W. Collins - - - -	14
On Duelling - - - -	22
Biographical Anecdotes of N. Lee, the Poet - - - -	25
Æolian Harp, &c. - - - -	29

POETRY.

The Vagrant - - - -	31
---------------------	----

Ode on the close of Autumn - -	36
The Musicians - - - -	37
Courtier's Address to his Book -	38
To a Friend - - - -	39
A Love Song - - - -	40
A Song - - - -	ib.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLI-
CATIONS.

Hayley's Life of Cowper - - - -	41
Condorcet's Life of Voltaire - -	44
Dr. Lathrop's Fast Sermon - - -	46
MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES - -	47

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.

1803.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been just received; but they came too late to be inserted in this NUMBER. Correspondents are invited, for the future, to send their favours to the office, where this publication is printed.

We hope the design of HECTOR MOWBRAY, in his address, will be easily intelligible to every reader. We sincerely thank him for it.

We are much pleased in reading the THEATRICAL REVIEW of Lucilius. It displays learning, and critical talents; but for particular reasons, we refuse to admit it into our publication.

"The Complaint," by Anthony, is a doleful one; "O dear, what can the matter be?"

The ELEGY, by W. shall appear in our next Number.

The first offerings of Telon, Tom Hasty, and Momus, are rejected.

The "Ode to Sleep," by C. will probably appear in our next.

Mariano, it is hoped, will excuse the small liberties we have taken, in abridging his communication.



ERRATUM.

Page 40, 6th line from the top, for *featunes*, in some copies, read *features*.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
NOVEMBER, 1803.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.
THE LOITERER.—*No. I.*

Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompass'd round with such delight?
COWLEY.

IT has been often observed, that no part of the earth combines more local advantages, than the American Republic. Our soil affords an unfailing plenty of fruits; and by an attentive culture, it yields all the variety of dainties, that are sought by the most whimsical appetite. The climate is usually serene and healthful, and we are seldom molested by the turbulent sports of nature.

We can live and perhaps flourish with independence; yet our maritime situation offers us the richest benefits of commerce. Our national strength has now become mighty, and is every where viewed with awe and respect. We enjoy the blessings of peace, and our own unanimous abilities are alone requisite for their continual preservation. We are capable of knowing and exercising all the arts, that can possibly meliorate and adorn our condition. Could we add to ourselves a character of literary excellence, we might well emulate the most celebrated nation, that ever existed.

We are indeed favoured with every mean of advancing in knowledge and refinement. Universal commerce opens to our attainment the literature and improvements of the whole globe. Schools and Colleges are interspersed throughout the country, and are rendered accessible to studious youth of the humblest fortune. Experience has already shown us the utility of learn-

ing ; and reason discovers the rising importance of its increasing cultivation.

In an observing spectator the diversified scenery of nature excites wonder, curiosity and contemplation. Here august mountains, clothed in azure forests, rear their mystic heads around the horizon. Rivers, enrolling a host of streamlets, that wander in antic course from their fountains, are frequently seen marching with proud grandeur to the ocean. The hills and vallies, variegated with bright villages, fruitful fields and pleasant groves, display prospects, that far surpass the most lively visions of fancy. These wild and elegant landscapes loudly invoke the imitative powers of the painter. Poetry, the lovely nurse of virtue and taste, if wooed with that ardent assiduity, which her exalted dignity requires, would surely delight in this alluring residence. That refined sensibility of soul, which is seldom experienced in a plain inclement region, seems here to be earnestly invited by the sweet melody of nature to awaken and admire her sublime and beautiful features. The heart is taught to subdue every sordid passion, and to maintain those affections only, which are influenced by divine harmony and love.

But with all these incitements to the principal glory of a nation, polite literature and the fine arts have hitherto made a very dilatory progress. It must however be allowed, that the sciences, which teach the gaining and security of wealth, the common business, and conveniences of life, are here generally well understood and in high estimation. Those, which profess chiefly to delight and improve the mind with taste and sentiment, to increase the powers of the soul and give it a true zest for the offered bliss of Heaven, have yet gained but a small number of temporary votaries.

Genius has sometimes dawned among us, but its opening brilliancy has been too often and too suddenly obscured by the gloom of neglect. But whence arises this neglect ? Does it come from a prejudice against our own talents, from insensibility of taste, or from an envious disposition to silence the voice of fame ? Or must we assign it to the predominant sway of avarice ? In particular instances all these may induce neglect ; but perhaps the principal cause is the want of zealous perseverance in the

candidates for literary distinction. They, who have opportunity and genius, too frequently pass their time in apathy and indolence, in roving some barren field of pleasure, or else, as is most frequently the case, engage in our common pursuit of fortune. So few are they, who engage themselves wholly in the study of literature and in speculating on life and manners, that the design of their occupation is very little understood. The votary, who intends these pursuits for his chief employment, may therefore safely anticipate the title of Loiterer.

I would now introduce myself to you, benevolent reader, though I am sensible that my address may appear awkward and uninteresting. You have found so much graceful gentility in the Spectator, such majestic eloquence in the Rambler, the engaging deportment of the Adventurer, and so much winning ease in the American Lounger, that it may be deemed presumption in a Loiterer to aspire to your favour. Though I loiter in the high-way of my countrymen, I love diligence in my chosen employment. If constant endeavours seldom fail in the attainment of their object, there may yet be some chance for my success in affording amusement. While fashion, opinion and manners are perpetually changing, a new scene is always arising for moral speculation. The many-headed monster of error is ever watchful for an opportunity of dominion. Vice is a skilful alchymist, and in all her youthful vivacity, still employs her infinite arts of seduction. Prejudice is yet alive, and by often concealing our good, brings on consequences most ridiculous and fatal. Though many a valorous band has fought against them, they still remain bold and unvanquished. A champion in the cause of virtue and refinement ought ever to be active and zealous in their defence; nor can he be deemed impertinent, if he endeavours to promote their influence, by celebrating their praise.

In a country like this, where manners and sentiment are so various, a critical inspection into life will discover much to be blamed and much to be applauded. The satirist will find many subjects for his humour by observing the control of passion; while the grave sentimentalist may largely descant on our indolence and enterprize. The design of these essays is to present to

my readers lucubrations on manners and literature, on the improvement of taste and the encouragement of genius. Those, who may incline to co-operate in this undertaking, are cordially invited to contribute their assistance.

For the *Monthly Anthology*.

MR. EDITOR,

IF it should consist with the design of your publication, to insert reflections on subjects of morality and religion, I hope that the following observations on an extensive principle of human action will prove acceptable. It is important that our moral sentiments be clear and just. By mistaking the character of the principles by which we are influenced, we debase conscience into the instrument of vice ; the light within us becomes darkness ; we seal our own destruction.

If any one passion has brought all men into bondage, if any one principle of action can serve as a clue to all the varieties of the human character, it is AMBITION, or devotion to our own individual glory. By this sin fell the angels. This sin men have even exalted into virtue, and the worst we hear of it is this, that it is "the infirmity of noble minds." This principle assumes many forms, but under all it proposes self exaltation as its great last end. In this point all the desires and pursuits of the ambitious centre.

It must easily be seen that this devotion to our own glory is directly the reverse of the great law of benevolence. God is *love*, and in this character alone we reflect the glory of our Creator. Benevolence carries us out of ourselves, and diffuses our existence by giving us an interest in other beings. But ambition is narrow and debasing. It leads us to consider all beings as subservient to *our* greatness, and formed to behold and proclaim *our* glory. Nothing is benevolent, which does not proceed from a sincere disposition to do good, from a single view to the production of happiness. To serve our country or mankind, that we may acquire the reputation of patriotism or of benevolence, expresses simply a regard for the rewards of those virtues, none for the virtues themselves. Ambition is the most refined

form of selfishness, but it is selfishness still, and necessarily excludes from that kingdom of heaven, whose only law is love.

The pursuit of human applause, from the very nature of man, has a tendency to increase misery and delusion. Men are depraved in their moral sentiments. They are more impressed with vast power and savage energy, than with the mildness of benevolence. Accordingly we find characters, distinguished by barbarous valour, inflexible obstinacy and inhuman fortitude, the objects of general admiration. In all ages men have deified the monsters of the human race, who have convulsed empires in sport to display their spirit and power. From this principle of admiring vast power and exertion, men prefer extravagance of imagination and subtlety of sophistry, to the simplicity of unassuming truth. Thus from the very nature of man, ambition in pursuit of its end has filled the earth with ruin and error. The limits of this paper will not permit to record the wars, oppressions, devastations, and cruelties into which the ambitious have been driven. But these clearly prove the opposition of ambition to the great principle of benevolence.

Ambition is a perversion and prostitution of the highest powers of human nature. If we possess reason and moral sentiment, we ought to make them our guides and pillars. Thus endowed, does it become us to bend to the standard of an evil world? Adherence to principle in opposition to pain and contempt, constitutes the true dignity of man. The consciousness of integrity, of conducting as children of God, of acting from virtuous motives in a virtuous cause, is a consolation and reward superior to the applause of worlds. More servile dependence cannot be conceived than is the lot of him, who lives only in the mouths of other men. The ambitious frequently discover great power. But moral excellence consists in the right direction of power. A giant building houses of cards, presents as glorious a spectacle, as an intellectual being formed for immortal progression, and capacitated to enjoy his God, enslaving himself to the earth, converting his present greatness into an idol, feigning an immortality in the remembrance of perishing men, and exhausting himself for a monument, which with himself will soon crumble into dust.

There is a base hypocrisy in ambition, which an honest mind must despise and abhor. If we wish the world to notice us, if we act in the view of men, that we may draw their attention and applause, let us tell them frankly what we desire. It is vile to pretend that our views are liberal, that we wish to promote the cause of truth, or the civil and religious interests of mankind. It is detestable fraud thus to cheat men out of applause. The cant of ambition is knavery baser than the tricks of a pick-pocket. It is enough that our souls are narrow, that we are incapable of acting from generous affection. Let us not add to this the meanness of falsehood.

This devotion to our own glory is the greatest weakness and folly. Let each of us consider himself in comparison with the whole human race, and of how little consequence are we? We are lost in the general crowd and tumult. Millions have never heard and will never pronounce our names. The resistless stream of time, which overwhelms high and low, must soon sweep us away. Others will fill our places, the business of the world, the song and the dance be continued, and like past generations we shall be less regarded than the turf which covers us. And does it become such beings to swell with their own importance, and to elevate themselves for the admiration of the world? But let us extend our views and consider man in relation to the universe. How do we dwindle and shrink into nothing, when brought into comparison with the majesty of nature! How sublime the style, how glorious the order of this temple of the Deity! There is a prodigality in the works of nature, which seems designed to humble the pride and mock the dwarfishness of man; and in this profusion of existence, beauty and majesty, shall we exalt ourselves to the summit of creation, consider ourselves peculiarly deserving notice, and challenge the admiration of mankind? If from the material system we ascend to those intelligent orders which surround the throne of God, and from all derived and dependent existence, rise to the uncreated Parent of heaven and earth, on whom the highest ranks of angels depend, and by whom the minutest beings are supported, in whose fulness and perfection all worlds and systems are less than nothing and vanity, what shall we think of ourselves, or what terms can we use, sufficiently diminutive to express our littleness and unimportance?

All creation cries, Give glory to God. For this end all things exist. To propose our own glory as our end, is to strive to counteract the design and agency of the Deity. By seeking to fix attention on our own petty attainments, we call beings to turn from the sun to idolize a glow-worm, to neglect immensity for a point too small for perception. How contemptible is ambition. How low the greatest heights of human glory. In the eyes of superior beings, how idle must appear our contentions for eminence and power. That worms of the dust and children of yesterday should swell themselves into God, dwell on their narrow powers with rapture, ape the airs of greatness, affect importance, and propose themselves as objects worthy the applause and homage of the world, this is such folly and absurdity, that we feel disposed to smile at so ludicrous a spectacle, instead of pitying such debasement and depravity.

It is a solemn consideration, which professors of the gospel seem to have overlooked, that this devotion to our own glory is irreconcilable with the whole spirit of Christianity. We find much of this temper in the disciples. With them it was a question of debate and dispute, "who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." But hear the answer of Christ; "Unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Christianity is a humiliating system. It beats down the strong holds of human pride. It teaches us, that our place is in the dust. It is founded in the ruin and corruption of our race; it is a medicine for a disordered and dying world. A sense of guilt and entire unworthiness is necessary to the cordial reception of the gospel. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The Christian hero does not dazzle the world with his arms and exploits. You must look for him on the lowest seat, and there you will behold him smiting his breast, acknowledging his unworthiness, and opposing nothing to injury and insult, but the panoply of meekness and love. You discover no high pretensions, no overbearing pride, no insulting superiority, no anxiety to draw the gaze of mankind. "He walks by faith and not by sight;" and, as he travels towards heaven, emits a gentle light, to teach the way to others, and guide them to the God of glory.

Thus it appears that ambition is a principle inconsistent with true religion and benevolence, and expresses the greatest blindness and debasement of the soul. It may indeed give us the appearance of many virtues. It may whiten the sepulchre ; but within are dead men's bones. By condemning ambition, we pronounce sentence on the greatest part of mankind. But it is not a new suggestion, that the whole world lieth in wickedness. This truth it is important to enforce. Until we feel it, we can never be recovered to moral excellence. Let us not "film over the fore and ulcerous place," but purify and invigorate the soul, by the infusion and exercise of new and generous affection, even by that love which is the sum of excellence and the fulfilment of the law.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE GUEST.—No. I.

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor HOSPES.
HOR.

Potin' es mihi VERUM DICERE ?—Nihil facilius.
TERENT. ANDRIA.

EVERY polite guest, who wishes to please his known entertainers, will endeavour to suit his conversation to their prevalent humour. But when he enters an assembly of strangers, whose characters and dispositions do not readily appear, he has an opportunity for proposing such topics, as are most agreeable to his own inclination.

Free from all anxious ambition, and easy in my condition, my favourite pleasures are those of society and friendship. Whenever I appear in company, which is indeed frequently the case, I am commonly welcomed as a good-natured guest, and treated with many charming civilities. In my turn, I endeavour to promote their cheerfulness, or induce some interesting reflections. Among the numerous families, whom I visit, I have found one, that has gained my strongest predilection. It consists of many members, who have attained mature age and improved understanding. Here I escape that loathsome din of popular politics, which confounds my tranquillity in most other places.

We converse with animation on subjects of sentiment, of taste and of manners, without ever indulging ill-natured satire, or allowing our harmony to be disturbed by striving disputation. When the spirit of our evening conversation droops, we sometimes enliven our attention by a song, and sometimes by relating a story, which impresses some valuable moral in the heart. But as I mention this happy family merely for hinting what kind of entertainment is most pleasing to me, for the present I shall forbear any farther description. The durable satisfaction, which I derive from their society, induces me to imitate, and to encourage their mode of conversing in all other companies. As I am now entering an unknown society, my principal concern respecting address, is to appear sensible of the meanness and danger of all deception.

Truth is so essential to human dignity, that he, who deviates from it, not only depreciates himself in his own esteem, but incurs the lasting contempt of all his acquaintance. Beside the future *part*, that is so awfully denounced against him, he is here, if sensible to his condition, exposed to the most tormenting perplexity. No one, who reflects, can be so obdurate, as not to feel self-dishonour, even while his deception continues. When he becomes suspected, he must either profess his pusillanimity and folly, or increase his own debasement by additional falsehood.

There is, however, a kind of deception, that seems, at first view, to border on innocence. This is generally found to accompany an excessive desire of pleasing. A lively and generous heart, on the remiss influence of its guard, may be often tempted by the most disinterested motives to elude the restraint of truth. When a person of this character sees another labouring in difficulty, or disconcerted by some frightening apprehension, he will sometimes, in pity to the sufferer, misrepresent his condition, and inspire him with hopes, that are never to be realized. Ardent friendship may cause some to employ delusion, while they inconsiderately view it as harmless and laudable. He, who has no other means for relieving the troubles of a friend, is too apt to beguile him with vain and injurious conceptions. Nay, in the fervour of his benevolence, he may sometimes disregard all true sincerity merely for the purpose of adding to his present felicity. But however innocent such decep-

tions may appear, it is observable, that they are seldom indulged without repentance and punishment.

Albert, in his youth, maintained a warm and benevolent heart. He never beheld a fellow-being in distress without earnestly endeavouring to afford him relief. The sufferings even of the humblest animal would excite his glowing sympathy; and his wish to diffuse happiness among all creatures was always alive and active. He looked upon fraud and every dishonourable action with strong abhorrence, especially when they appeared to him in their proper characters. He never willingly became guilty of an unworthy deed; yet the impetuosity of his affections would sometimes lead him beyond the sway of reason and truth. Though kindly disposed to all mankind, he had no inclination to an extensive familiarity. Preferring a studious life, he lived in retirement, and enjoyed scarcely any other society than a few visiting friends, whom he loved with the most romantic ardour.

Edward, of equal age and fortune, was introduced by one of his favourites, and recommended to him as a congenial associate. He received him with all that cordial welcome, which is dictated by the joy of acquiring so valuable an object. Edward had no less warmth, generosity and spirit than Albert; perhaps he was more deliberate in his professions, and kept a stricter guard on his principles and conduct. For some days, they continued in company, and they hourly improved in each other's estimation. Each perceived his own soul doubled by the union of the other's; and while they looked onward in the path of life, no cloud of adversity appeared, but every anticipated object brightened in the beams of friendship.

At length Edward's circumstances at home became importunate for his return. The thought of parting created a dreary void in their hearts. For some time they remained irreconcilable to a temporary separation. But to prolong their interview as much as possible, Albert proposed to accompany his friend through a part of his journey. On their way, a beggar solicited their charity. Edward, after searching his pockets, exclaimed, "I have lost my purse!" "How much did it contain?" said Albert. The other having mentioned the particular sum, seemed indifferent respecting the loss, and observed that he had probably dropped it in some of their walks on the preceding

day. However, as neither of them was in affluence, it is very likely, that they were not insensible to the importance of so large a sum, as Edward had named. The time for their parting came, and they agreed that their future meetings should be frequent. Albert, promising that search should be quickly made for the money, separated from his friend in mournful dejection, and returned to his lodgings; the solitude of which, at this particular time, appeared with unprecedented horror.

The next day, he carefully retraced every path, in which they had walked together, but all his researches and inquiries were vain. He could not however endure the thought that a visit, which had given him infinite pleasure, should be attended with any incident disagreeable to his friend. In an inconsiderate moment, he resolved to supply the loss. Being at that time destitute, he applied to a surly usurer, who with much reluctance lent him the money. He sent it immediately to Edward with a letter, relating that he found it under a thorn hedge with the purse very much rent by hungry mice. His friend being absent on a journey, no reply was brought by the messenger. The term for repaying the usurer soon expired, but Albert had made no preparation. He wrote to his banker for another anticipation of interest, but this was readily and fairly refused. The bailiff very impolitely entered his apartment, and with the smile of a caitiff began to praise the exercise of walking.

At this appalling moment, Edward arrived to inform him, that the money, which was brought by the messenger, could not be the same, that he lost: for the friend, who first introduced them, had, after his departure, found the proper purse with all its contents on the seat of their carriage. When he saw the real situation of Albert, he wept for his distress, and at the same time felt a rising contempt for its cause. Though sensible to all the enjoyments of friendship, he loved truth and sincerity in his friends more than their most earnest endeavours to serve him. The bailiff received the very sum, that was borrowed of the usurer, and was quickly dismissed. Albert and Edward remained alone to converse on the affair. Forgiveness was mutually asked and mutually granted; yet an indescribable confusion attended their interview. They parted with averted looks and broken sentences; and after a few fortuitous meet-

ings, they became totally estranged to each other. Both were convinced, that if truth were not preserved inviolable, however strictly all the other requisites of friendship might be retained, its joys can never be complete and permanent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

TO the votaries of Poetry perhaps no memoir will be more pleasing than the following, selected from the works of the engaging and elegant LANGHORN. It presents an instructive lesson on the insignificance of genius, which is unaccompanied with resolution and persevering efforts. The *criticism* is replete with judicious and important observations; and it may often assist those, who already admire the truly enraptured bard, to trace him, with more ease, in the daring flights of his imagination. The scarcity and excellence of *this article*, it is hoped, will preclude the need of any excuse for its insertion in your MISCELLANY. W.

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

THE enthusiasm of poetry, like that of religion, has frequently a powerful influence on the conduct of life, and either throws it into the retreat of uniform obscurity, or marks it with irregularities that lead to misery and disquiet. The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude, or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of *dulness* and of *folly*, to point with gothic triumph to those excesses, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is

really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of COLLINS, withdraw to a respectful distance, and, should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament that nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect.

Of such men of genius as have borne no public character, it seldom happens that any memoirs can be collected, of consequence enough to be recorded by the biographer. If their lives pass in obscurity, they are generally too uniform to engage our attention; if they cultivate and obtain popularity, envy and malignity will mingle their poison with the draughts of praise; and through the industry of those unwearied fiends, their reputation will be so chequered, and their characters so much disguised, that it shall become difficult for the historian to separate truth from falsehood.

Of our exalted poet, whose life, though far from being popular, did not altogether pass in privacy, we meet with few other accounts than such as the life of every man will afford, viz, when he was born, where he was educated, and where he died. Yet even these simple memoirs of the man, will not be unacceptable to those who admire the poet; for we never receive pleasure without a desire to be acquainted with the source from whence it springs: a species of curiosity, which, as it seems to be instinctive, was probably given us for the noble end of gratitude; and, finally, to elevate the inquiries of the mind to that fountain of perfection from which all human excellence is derived.

Chichester, a city in Suffex, had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Poet, about the year 1721.* His father, who was a reputable tradesman in that city, intended him for the service of the church; and with this view, in the year 1733, he was admitted a scholar of that illustrious seminary of genius and learning, Winchester College, where so many distinguished men of letters, so many excellent poets have received their classical education. Here he had the good fortune to continue seven years under the care of the very learned Dr. Burton; and at the age of nineteen, in the year 1740, he had merit sufficient to

* December 25, 1720.—Dr. JOHNSON.

procure a distinguished place in the list of those scholars, who are elected upon the foundation of Winchester, to New College in Oxford. But as there were then no vacancies in that society, he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College in the same university; where he continued till July, 1741, when he was elected a demi of Magdalen College. During his residence at Queen's, he was at once distinguished for genius and indolence; his exercises, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the visible characteristics of both. This remiss and inattentive habit might probably arise, in some measure, from disappointment: he had, no doubt, indulged very high ideas of the academical mode of education, and when he found science within the fetters of logic and of Aristotle, it was no wonder if he abated of his diligence to seek her where the search was attended with artificial perplexities, and where, at last, the pursuer would grasp the shadow for the substance.

While he was at Magdalen College, he applied himself chiefly to the cultivation of poetry, and wrote the epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the Oriental Eclogues, which in the year 1742 were first published under the title of *Persian Eclogues*. The success of these poems was far from being equal to their merit; but to a novice in the pursuit of fame, the least encouragement is sufficient: if he does not at once acquire that reputation to which his merit entitles him, he embraces the encomiums of the few, forgives the many, and intends to open their eyes to the striking beauties of his next Publication.

With prospects such as these, Mr. Collins probably indulged his fancy, when, in the year 1743, after having taken the degree of a bachelor of arts, he left the university, and removed to London.

To a man of small fortune, a liberal spirit, and uncertain dependencies, the metropolis is a very dangerous place. Mr. Collins had not been long in town, before he became an instance of the truth of this observation. His pecuniary resources were exhausted, and to restore them by the exertion of genius and learning, though he wanted not the power, he had neither steadiness nor industry. His necessities indeed sometimes carried him as far as a scheme, or a title-page for a book; but whether it were

the power of dissipation, or the genius of repose that interfered, he could proceed no farther. Several books were projected, which he was very able to execute; and he became in idea an historian, a critic, and a dramatic poet by turns. At one time, he determined to write a history of the revival of Letters; at another, to translate and comment upon Aristotle's Poetics; then he turned his thoughts to the Drama, and proceeded so far towards a tragedy—as to become acquainted with the manager.

Under this unaccountable dissipation, he suffered the greatest inconveniences. Day succeeded day, for the support of which he had made no provision, and in which he was to subsist either by the long-repeated contributions of a friend, or the generosity of a casual acquaintance. Yet indolence triumphed at once over want and shame; and neither the anxieties of poverty, nor the heart-burning of dependence had power to animate resolution to perseverance.

As there is a degree of depravity into which if a man falls, he becomes incapable of attending to any of the ordinary means that recall men to virtue, so there are some circumstances of indigence so extremely degrading, that they destroy the influences of shame itself; and most spirits are apt to sink, under their oppression, into a sullen and unambitious despondence.

However this might be with regard to Mr. Collins, we find that, in the year 1746, he had spirit and resolution enough to publish his *Odes descriptive and allegorical*: but the sale was by no means successful; and hence it was that the author, conceiving a just indignation against a blind and tasteless age, burnt the remaining copies, with his own hands.

Allegorical and abstracted poetry was above the taste of those times, as much, or more than it is, of the present. It is in the lower walks, the plain and practical paths of the muses only, that the generality of men can be entertained. The higher efforts of imagination are above their capacity; and it is no wonder therefore, if the Odes descriptive and allegorical met with few admirers.

Under these circumstances, so mortifying to every just expectation, when neither his wants were relieved, nor his reputation

extended, he found some consolation in changing the scene, and visiting his uncle, colonel MARTIN, who was, at that time, with our army in Flanders. Soon after his arrival, the colonel died and left him a considerable fortune.

Here then we should hope to behold him happy; possessed of independence, and removed from every scene, and every monument of his former misery. But fortune had delayed her favours, till they were not worth receiving. His faculties had been so long harassed by anxiety, dissipation and distress, that he fell into a nervous disorder, which brought with it an unconquerable depression of spirits, and at length reduced the finest understanding to the most deplorable childishness. In the first stages of his disorder, he attempted to relieve himself by travel, and passed into France; but the growing malady obliged him to return; and having continued with short intervals,* in this pitiable state till the year 1756, he died in the arms of a sister at Chichester.

Mr. Collins was in stature somewhat above the middle size, of a brown complexion, keen, expressive eyes, and a fixed, sedate aspect, which, from intense thinking, had contracted an habitual frown. His proficiency in letters was greater than could have been expected from his years. He was skilled in the learned languages, and acquainted with the *Italian, French, and Spanish*. It is observable, that none of his poems bear the marks of an amorous disposition, and that he is one of those few poets, who have failed to *Delphi*, without touching at *Cythera*. The allusions of this kind, that appear in his *Oriental Eclogues*, were indispensable in that species of poetry; and it is very remarkable that in his *Passions*, an ode for music, love is omitted, though it should have made a principal figure there.

The genius of the pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the East, and from thence was transplanted by the muses of Greece; but whether

* It seems to have been in one of these intervals, that he was visited by an ingenious friend, who tells us, he found him with a book in his hand, and being asked what it was, he answered, that "he had but one book, but that was the best." It was the New Testament in English.

from the continent of the Lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian pastoral, was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldaean shepherd.

From these circumstances, it is evident, not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted, would be of the pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity, in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of *Harmony* and *Nature*, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Pastoral, is love and the colloquial, or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter: this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces, that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented, that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time ; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks, whom we call the parents of pastoral poetry, were probably no more than imitators of imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps, which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions, so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament ; and why may not Theocritus, Moschus and Bion have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works ? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some part of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books. I think it can hardly be doubted, that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expressions of the prophet Isaiah, when he wrote the following lines :

Νυν ἰα μὲν φορεῖτε βατοὶ, φορεῖτε δ' ἀκανθὰι
 Ἄ δὲ καλά ναρκισσοῦ ἐπ' ἀρχευδοῖσι κομᾶσαι
 Πάντα δ' ἐναλλα γένοιντο, καὶ ἂ πῖπτος ὄχνας ἐνέικαι
 ————— καὶ τῷ κυνᾷ ὠλάφος ἔλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
 On the rude thorn Narcissus drefs his hair—

All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer shall drag the trembling hound.

The cause indeed of these phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth of an important person; but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the sacred writers, the celebrated pastoral Epithalamium of Solomon, so much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have escaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song:

Οὕτω δὲ πρῶτ' ἴζα κατεδραδὺς, ὦ φίλε γαμβρὲς;

The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage:

Ἄως ἀντελλοῖσα καλὸν διεφαίνει πρόσωπον,
Ποτνια νύξ ἄτε, λευχὸν ἔαρ χεῖμενος ἀνέντος
Ὡδὲ καὶ ἡ χρυσεὰ Ἑλένα διεφαίνεται ἐν ἡμῖν,
Πεῖρα, μεγάλα. ἄτ' ἀνεδραμεν ὄγμος ἄρερα.
Ἡ καπὼ κυπαρίστος, ἡ ἀρματὶ Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος.

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral—"She is like the rising of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin, and others equally imitative might be pointed out in the same idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue, that has survived the ruins of time, a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character, than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence. Like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions and parts; and has all that graceful and magnifi-

cent daring, which characterises its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues, and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the eclogues alone are Oriental ; the style and colouring are purely European ; and, for this reason, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the East, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these eclogues, it may justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the pastoral kind in the English language.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THE DUELLIST ; OR, AN ADDRESS TO MEN OF HONOUR.

"An old friend with a new face."

IT is a lucky thing, Gentlemen, for the poor pitiful Christians of our times, that the custom of duelling has not become a part of the common law. They have armed this with the halter against us, and it would no sooner acquit us on the plea of fashion, than nature would resist the force of a suicide on his urging. The polished modes of Japan, or morality, listen to a knave, who should prove the existence of a community of swindlers, as a precedent for his own crimes.

But what are we, men of figure, to do in this case ? It is vain for us to urge our reputation on this tribe of religionists. They preach humility. It is idle to insist on the privileges re-

fuling from the disparity between us and the vulgar. They blot out our rank, and substitute the sneaking drivellers of principle as the noble of nature. If we talk to them of satisfaction, they turn from us with the contempt of an anchorite, with an apothegm on our dusty being, or with the *sangfroid* of a *pettifogger's* advice in a lawsuit. But shall these *doltish gossips* preach to us our duty, your green-bag gentry set as our judges, and a jury of cobblers and tailors stitch a leathern doublet to screen our wounded honour? A jury of our peers, where the privileges of quality would be allowed, might be tolerable; but your law machines, your writ, declaration, plea, and issue-men are no more fit for a Court of Honour, than the hog-driver of Ulysses for Penelope's confidant.

As for us, we have in general descended from men of blood, heroes in the cradle, and whose first lisp bid defiance. Their objects and end were honour and intrigue. And shall we now abandon our pretences to the quality of our ancestors? One vulgar compromise is treason to ourselves and to our race. Our long lease of heraldry expires at it, our title becomes extinct, and the stream of honour is dried up before it reaches the channel of posterity. And when the distinctions of opinion are over, we must budge on with the canaille in the great highway of morality, and a court of sessions of our grandmothers must approve and establish the route of our lives.

I know however it is a vain thing to press any defence of our rights on men, who have nothing of the sensitive plant in their composition, and present the muscles of a stoic to insults of the world. These fellows are as insensible to the wounds of which a man of honour bleeds, as if Achilles-like they had been indurated in the Styx of barbarity. With this want of the proper sense to perceive, it is no wonder they have no wisdom to judge. Hence when we have honourably hit our man, they seem to have no idea of our having acquitted ourselves like gentlemen; but the whole pack of justice is put upon the scent, and we are dinned to death with the yelping of the bar-catchalls, with their wickedly and feloniously, their "*VI ET ARMIS, percussit ac murtheravit.*" The attorney is feed for drawing his indictments, and the judges and jury for making us malefactors. And with this

kind of stuff and this kind of gentry is a man of fashion dispatched.

If the sorry drivellers of principle would be content with whining and canting, they might prate as long as Tristram Shandy's father; if in return they would indulge us with the spirit of the corporal. They might say we were worse than highwaymen, who murder for a livelihood, and to prevent discovery, while we are murderers by principle, and kill out of vanity; that shooting a friend through the heart, or not, is to us quite as indifferent, as wearing round or sharp toed *suwarrows*; that the petty laws of fashion had death annexed, as a penalty, and the serious concern of life was regulated by a mode. They might repeat every thing prejudice has invented, or barbarity has urged, if they would confine themselves to the war of words. But I at length, after every attempt of free-thinking, despair of such a progress towards improvement in others, and so much indulgence for us. The pigeon hearted menials of principle will not only rail at us for pretending to greater wisdom than the law, in preferring our own decisions to those of the gentlemen of the jury; they will not merely laugh at any pretences to honour, and assert that *beaux* and *bullies*, and their wise admirers have seized the herald's office, and engrossed all the quality to themselves. Nor will they be satisfied with indecently declaring that no man would have answered the lie with a pistol-ball, but for a *rhodomontade* of Charles the fifth. They will stock us in the pillory for the sportive speculations, and congees of honour, and for indulging in its prerogatives, will swing us between heaven and earth, as unworthy of both.

With just indignation at the prejudices of such plough-jogging spirits, I had once determined to challenge the Governor, Council, and both Houses of the Legislature at the winter sessions.—I had resolved to rout the whole corporation of cowards from office, and substitute the language of gentlemen for the technical jargon of courts and lawyers. An affair of honour was no longer to be a capital offence, and the trial by battle should have been part of the law of the land. On reflection however, I have relinquished this scheme of reforming a general error—" *Defendit numerus.*"

Another plan however has become quite my hobby. I took the hint from uncle Toby's campaigns, and the Trojan band. If we cannot vindicate our honour actually by arms, we may still keep up the appearance of the thing. If we dare not fight, we may still preserve the "*pugnæ simulacra sub armis.*" I therefore propose, that the practice of duelling be continued subject to the following regulations ; viz.

1st. ALL CHALLENGES SHALL BE SHEWN BY THE SECONDS TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY, THAT HE MAY BE ON THE GROUND, TO PREVENT BLOODSHED.

2dly. IN CASE THE SHERIFF SHOULD NOT SEASONABLY ARRIVE, THE SECONDS SHALL GIVE THE WORDS OF COMMAND, IN MANNER FOLLOWING, VIZ. "MAKE READY, TAKE AIM, RECOVER."

3dly. THAT A CERTIFICATE OF THE TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING OF THE PARTIES, AND OF THEIR BRAVE DEPORTMENT, BE MADE AND SIGNED UPON THE SPOT BY THE SECONDS AND SURGEONS.

If this plan should meet with general approbation, as I think it readily will, I shall propose an early meeting of our fraternity at Vila's or Julien's, where its merits may be fully discussed, and all collateral points settled.

HECTOR MOWBRAY.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

NAT. LEE, THE POET.

[From a late English Publication.]

NEITHER the time of his birth, nor the precise period of the death of this celebrated, but unfortunate Poet, have been ascertained by his biographers. His father, Dr. Lee, was the minister of Hatfield. He sent his son at an early age to Westminster School, then under the direction of Dr. Busby. From thence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was admitted a scholar on the Foundation in 1668. In the

Vol. I. No. 1.

D

same year he took his degree of B.A. but not having the good fortune to obtain a fellowship, he left the university and came to London, with a view of pushing his fortune at court. Not succeeding in this design, in 1672, he made an attempt on the stage, in the character of Duncan in Sir William Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*. "Lee," says Colley Cibber, in his *Apology*,* "was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor, who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, unless I were able to *play* it as well as you *read* it, to what purpose should I undertake it? And yet this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making a profitable figure there." It would almost appear from this, that Lee's attempt on the stage had been subsequent to his appearance there in the capacity of a dramatist. But this was not the fact, for his first play was not represented till the year 1675; so that, instead of being tempted to make his *debut* as an actor, in consequence of the reputation he had acquired behind the curtain, as a *pathetic reader of his own scenes*, it is reasonable to presume, that his demerits and bad success, as a player, induced him to turn his attention to the trade of authorship. By this anecdote from Cibber, the authors of the *Biographical Dictionary*† have been led into the error we have just obviated. His first play was called "*Nero, Emperor of Rome*;" and between 1672, the date of its appearance, and 1684, he produced no less than nine tragedies, besides the share he had with Dryden, in *Oedipus* and the *Duke of Guise*. On the 11th of November, in the year last mentioned, it was found necessary to confine him in Bedlam, where he remained four years. It has been said of him as a writer, that "his imagination ran away with his reason;" a remark that is, perhaps, applicable to this melancholy incident of his life. But his insanity is more generally supposed to have been owing to the embarrassment of his circumstances, the result of extreme

* P. 68, quarto edition, 1740.

† Last edition in 15 vols. 1798.

carelessness and extravagance ; a belief that receives sufficient confirmation from the following epigram, addressed to Lee, by Wycherly, and first quoted by the ingenious Mr. Neve, in his admirable remarks on our author's poetical character.*

You, but because you starv'd, went mad before ;
Now starving does to you your wits restore :
So your life is, like others, much at one,
Whether you now have any sense, or none.

A repartee has been ascribed to him while in confinement, which we should, perhaps, be blamed for omitting in this account. A very indifferent author observed to him, that it was an easy thing to write like a madman ; "No," replied Lee, "it is *not* an easy thing to write like a madman ; but it is very easy to write like a fool."

In April 1688, he returned to society, but did not long survive the recovery of his reason. Whincop tells us, that "he died in one of his night rambles in the street ;" and Oldys, in his MS. notes, records the fact rather particularly—"Returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, he fell down on the ground, as some say, according to others, on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow." From the same authority, we learn that "he was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years." Between the time of his discharge from Bedlam and that of his death, he wrote two plays, the Princess of Cleves, and the Massacre of Paris ; but, notwithstanding the profits arising from these two performances, he was reduced, it is said, to so low an ebb, that a weekly stipend of ten shillings from the theatre royal was his chief dependence. It has been observed, that his untimely end might have been occasioned by his disorder, of which he was subject to temporary relapses ; and in tenderness to his memory, we are inclined to indulge the supposition. This accident occurred about the years 1691-2.

There is a striking coincidence between the fate of Lee and Otway, which, we believe, has not before been noticed. They

* Published in the Monthly Mirror.

both became writers for the stage, in consequence of their unsuccessful performances *on* it ; both began to write in rhyme, and deserted it, much to the advantage of their reputation, for blank verse ; both were reduced, principally by their own dissipations, to a miserable condition of indigence ; and both died, at almost precisely the same age, and within about five years of each other, in a state of the utmost obscurity and wretchedness.

The talents of Nathaniel Lee have met with the most elegant, candid, and critical illustration, in the article already alluded to, by Mr. Neve, to which the reader is referred. It has been too much the fashion, with writers of more taste, perhaps, but of infinitely less genius, to decry the reputation of this author, who has been styled, with reference to his *Alexander the Great*, "a mad poet, who described, in frantic verse, the actions of a mad warrior ;" but Addison maintains, that "among our modern English poets, there was none better turned for tragedy than Lee, if, instead of favouring his impetuosity of genius, he had restrained it within proper bounds." Dryden compliments him highly upon his *Rival Queens*, in his copy of verses prefixed to that play.

Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art ;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm ; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, bring the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our colder climates will not grow.
That humble style which drones their virtue make,
Is in your power, you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all but some vile poets of the crowd :
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo ?

Cibber has censured, very freely, the well-known speech, in the *Rival Queens*, beginning "Can you remember," &c. which he calls "a blazing rant," and "furious fustian," "a rhapsody of vain-glory," and "a flight of the false sublime ;" but Dr.

Warburton avers that they contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry can conceive.

We shall conclude this *sketch* with an enumeration of his plays, which were published in the following order.

1. *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* 1675.
2. *Sophiniba, or Hannibal's Overthrow.* 1676. The prologue by Dryden.
3. *Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cæsar.* 1676.
4. *The Rival Queens ; or, The Death of Alexander the Great,* 1677.
5. *Mithridates, King of Pontus.* 1678. The Epilogue by Dryden.
6. *Theodosius ; or The Force of Love.* 1680.
7. *Cæsar Borgia.* 1680. The prologue by Dryden.
8. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* 1681. Forbidden, says Gildon, after the third performance, by Lord Chamberlain Arlington, as an anti-monarchical play.
9. *Constantine the Great,* 1684. The prologue by Otway, who died in 1685. The epilogue by Dryden.
10. *The Princess of Cleves.* T. 1689. Prologue by Dryden.
11. *The Massacre of Paris.* 1690.

Besides the 2d, 4th, and 5th acts of *Oedipus*, 1679, and the 2d, 3d, half the 5th, and all but the 1st scene of *The Duke of Guise*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

BY inserting these borrowed articles in your ANTHOLOGY, you will gratify myself, and, I presume, many others. C.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

AS nothing can be deemed natural, but what proceeds from the actual principles of nature, we may safely pronounce the ÆOLIAN LYRE to be the only natural instrument of emitting harmony. Other instruments, sending forth sounds by the assistance of the fingers, or by some other mechanical means, are con-

frequently termed artificial. This affords another instance of the old established adage, that simplicity is the nearest relative of beauty, since the *ÆOLIAN HARP* is the "most musical, most melancholy," and bewitching of all melodies.

Of the antiquity of this instrument it is difficult to decide. It had slept about an hundred years, when Mr. OSWALD accidentally discovered the effect of the air upon a harp casually hung amongst the boughs of a tree. KURCHER is the first, who mentions it; but he does not, as has been advanced, ascribe the invention to himself. He merely describes it, and affirms,* that the reason of his being so particular respecting it, is because no one had given an account of it before. It may in our opinion boast a very high antiquity. The effect of the wind upon strings placed slantingly, has been observed in most ages, and has always afforded a particular delight. An anecdote from Lucian will illustrate this remark.

"When the Thracian Bacchanals tore ORPHEUS piecemeal, report says, that his harp was thrown into the river HEBRUS, with his bleeding head upon it. The harp, touched by the wind, breathed forth a solemn strain. Still swimming down the Egean sea, the mournful concert arrived at Lesbos, where the inhabitants taking them up, buried the head in the spot, where in Lucian's time, stood the temple of Bacchus, and hung the Lyre in the temple of Apollo."

It would be impossible not to believe the romantic circumstance of the statue of Memnon, which

—— at the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, founded through the trembling air
Unbidden strains,

when supported by such authorities, as Pliny, Juvenal, Pausanias and Strabo. The fact is too well authenticated to be doubted.

The art, by which it was managed, still remains an ænigma, notwithstanding *St. Pierre's* ingenious solution. We are to consider, in the first place, that the sounds were not emitted from the mouth of the statue in the morning only; authority states that

* De sympathiae et antipathiae sonorum ratione, l. 9.

they proceeded likewise at other times. The morning was however the more favourable, as the soft breezes, which rise at the dawn of day from the Nile, might catch certain strings artfully placed in the throat of the image, and cause them to send forth those plaintive melodies, which the ancients so frequently mention.

Descending to a later period, we find Ossian observing the same enchanting effect.

"The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp ;—the sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb."—*Darthula*.

Again in Berrathon :

"My harp hangs on the blasted branch ; the sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp ! Or is it some passing ghost ?"

Whatever be its age, it is a most enchanting instrument, and bringing out all the tones in full concert, sometimes sinking them to the softest murmurs, and feeling for every tone, by its gradations of strength, it solicits those gradations of sound, which art has taken such various methods to produce.*

The influence of this instrument upon the heart is truly pleasing. It disposes the mind to solemn, tender and pathetic ideas ; and winning upon the imagination, strikes the heart with its simplicity, and leaves it resting in all the pure delights of a pleasing melancholy. Dr. Beattie tells us of a friend, who was profoundly skilled in the theory of music, well acquainted with the animal economy, and singularly accurate in his inquiries into nature, and who assured him, that he had several times been wrought into a feverish fit by the tones of an *Æolian Harp*. The poets emulate in describing its sweetness and delicacy. Casimir's exquisite ode, "*Ad suam Testudinem*," beginning, "*Sonori buxi filia*," &c. &c. must surely allude to it ; and Thomson has given us a beautiful account in his *Castle of Indolence*.

SONNET.

Music of nature ! Emblem of each sphere !
How sweetly tranquil does my pensive soul,
At coming eve, thy warbling murmurs hear,
When sooth'd to tenderness thy measures roll ;

* Acoustics. Chap. 2.

Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder still ;
 Sometimes more distant, and again more near ;
 Waking soft echoes, and with magic skill,
 Swelling the eye with a luxurious tear.
 Delightful flutterings ! hov'ring mid the sky,
 Mildly reluctant, on wild pinions borne
 To realms of Sylphs, that on your murmurs fly,
 And, wak'd to melancholy feelings, mourn.
 Sweet, pensive melody ! ethereal strain,
 Ah ! still aspire to sooth each rising pain.

" I TOUCH the hand of the person next me," says Werter,
 " I feel it is made of wood."—Alas ! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood ! and how often in the courtesies of life !—Offer your hand to Candidus ; and he holds out *one* finger. Offer it to Clericus ; he perhaps coldly gives you *two*. Prætor gives you his *whole* hand ; but it is wood—wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours.—There is heart and soul in the compression ; there is friendship in the very touch !

SINCE money has become the sign of our wants, and their exchange, every thing must necessarily be sold and purchased. The general, the officer and the soldier sell their limbs and lives ; and what are taxes, excise and duties, but the wages of our governors ?—Why then should an author be ashamed to sell his works ? Why should it be thought, that fame should be the only salary of a writer ? Why should an author be ashamed to sell his discoveries, or to set a price upon his own ideas ? And why should a people collectively receive, *gratis*, lessons and advice, for which they must pay a price as individuals ?

I HAVE a friend, who is an ingenious man, a good christian, and a private soldier. I attended him one evening to chapel. The preacher was no Cicero ; and I asked him what he thought of his sentences. He replied ; " in listening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to halt with criticism."

THE ANTHOLOGY.

==
Original Poetry.
==

THE VAGRANT.

VIEW, ye sons of ease and fortune,
While you glitter on the road,
Yonder Vagrant low reclining,
Sunk beneath affliction's load.

Even the tree in friendly whisper
Bids him sleep in calm repose ;—
Even the tender birds in pity
Softly sing to lull his woes.

By your founding wheels awaken'd,
Round he sadly looks and sighs ;
Still a soul, that strives with sorrow,
Glimmers through his hollow eyes.

Stay, ye strangers to affliction,
Hear the darken'd deeds of fate !
Listen to his mournful story ;
Learn what ills on life await.

In his artless, dire narration,
He this solemn truth may show ;
Virtue, on this vale of wonders,
Often bears severest wo.

Open then your hearts to pity,
To her sweet behest incline ;
Let the grief appeasing seraph
Ever plead with voice divine.

He may tell this tale of trouble :
“ Hope and fancy once I knew ;

Scenes, that glowing youth discovers,
Brightened in their ravish'd view.

"Death, in strong and sudden fury,
Me of parents, friends bereft.
In the world a homeless stranger
Early I alone was left.

"To the heights of fame and merit
Young ambition bade me steer;
But a servile doom, repressing,
Forc'd me in a loath'd career.

"Yet a while I seem'd to prosper;
Toil a little wealth had gain'd.
Then I saw my tender partner,
Then in love her hand obtain'd.

"Transient was this morn of pleasure;
Soon a darksome tempest blew.—
Fire took all.—My only darling
Perish'd in my blighted view.

"Long remain'd the loss repairless;
Sadest gloom the world array'd.
Time, at length, and hard employment
Brighter scenes again display'd.

"Heaven, our lot to us appointing,
Hatred for our pain assigns.
Choose we then a night of sorrow,
While a day of comfort shines?

"Thus I lov'd again, and wedded.—
Anguish seiz'd the joy I hop'd.—
She, with debts my prison opening,
With a faithless friend elop'd.

"Through neglect my needy infant
From the stings of life deceas'd.
I was, after long confinement,
From my dreadful cell releas'd.

" Then I fought in distant regions
What this land to me refus'd.
There in honest trade I flourish'd ;—
Novel scenes my thought amus'd.

" Yet I lov'd my native country.
All my former griefs decay'd.
On my village oft remembrance
Fondly look'd and gaily play'd.

" All my treasure now embarking,
Hither I my course did bend ;—
Here in tranquil ease and friendship
My remaining days to spend.

" While upon the ocean gliding,
Lawless foes the ship assail'd.
We fought bravely, but they triumph'd,
And our crew for slaves empal'd.

" After long and cruel bondage,
Freedom only I regain'd.
After many a wrecking tempest
I again this shore attain'd.—

" Who, to misery thus subjected,
Can a human friend retain ?
Every former lov'd acquaintance
Views me with severe disdain.

" Cold and shelterless I wander
Through the bleak and dismal day ;
Night bewildering, I sink under
Some kind hedge beside the way.

" But e'er long, my wandering ceases—
Woes will ne'er my life molest.
Cheering conscience looks to Heaven,
Where is mercy, joy and rest."

Selected Poetry.

ODE ON THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN;

BY GEORGE DYER.

NOW farewell summer's fervid sky,
 That, while the sun through Cancer rides,
 With chariot flow, and feverish eye,
 Scorches the beech-clad forest sides !
 And farewell autumn's milder ray,
 Which, the warm labours of the fickle o'er,
 Could make the heart of swain industrious gay,
 Viewing in barn secure his wheaten store :
 What time the social hours mov'd blithe along,
 Urg'd by the nut-brown ale, and jolly harvest song.
 What different sounds around me rise !
 Now midst a barren scene I rove,
 Where the rude haum in hillocks rise,
 Where the rash sportsman frights the grove.
 Ah, cruel sport ! Ah, pain-awakening sound !
 How hoarse your death-note to his listening ear,
 Who late, wild-warbled music floating round,
 Blest the mild warblers of the rising year ;
 Who, as each songster strain'd his little throat,
 Grateful himself would try the soft responsive note.
 Yet still in Autumn's fading form
 The tender melting charms we trace,
 Such as, love's season past, still warm
 The sober matron's modest face :
 Mild-beaming suns, oft hid by fleeting clouds,
 Blue-mantled skies, light-fring'd with golden hues,
 Brooks, whose swollen waters mottled leaves o'erspread,
 Fields, where the plough its steady course pursues,
 And woods, whose many shining woods might move
 Fancy's poetic hand to paint the orange grove.
 O still—for fancy is a child—
 Still with the circling hours I play,

And feast on hips and blackberries wild,
 Like truant school-boy gay :
 Or eager plunge in cool pellucid stream,
 Heedless that summer's sultry day is fled,
 Or muse, as breathes the flute, some rural theme,
 Such theme, as fancy's song may yet bestead ;
 Or, stretch'd at ease, will teach the list'ning groves,
 In tuneful Maro's strain, some rosy rustic loves.

Now bear me to the distant wood,
 And bear me to the silent stream,
 Where erst I stray'd in serious mood,
 Lost in some rapturous dream.
 To me, O Hornsey, what retreat so fair ?
 What shade to me so consecrate as thine ?
 And on thy banks, poor streamlet, did I care
 For all the spring-haunts of the tuneful Nine ?
 Ah, pleasures, how ye lighten, as ye fade !
 As spreads the sun's faint orb at twilight's dubious shade.

(By the same.)

THE MUSICIANS, AN ODE.

TWO AMIABLE YOUNG WOMEN, PLAYING SUCCESSIVELY ON THE
 HARPSICHORD.

DID Tagus flow beside my cot,
 And warble soft on beds of gold,
 Were I by whispering zephyr told,
 That I should, in some favour'd spot,
 Hear notes so pleasing, thither would I flee,
 Nor warbling Tagus hear, to listen, fair, to thee.

For me did blest Arabia's grove
 Each sense-subduing sweet distil,
 And soft melodious murmurs fill,
 My ravish'd ear with notes of love ;
 That charm of numbers should not hold me long ;
 That charm, fair, I would break, to listen to thy song,

Thus in a summer's gaudy day,
 Oft have I heard, a sportive train,
 Young linnets chirp a tender strain,
 And I, well pleas'd, could listen to the lay ;
 Those pretty minstrels did more charm my ear
 Than the full warblers of the vernal year.

For in each lovely fair I trace
 Simplicity of virgin hue,
 Freedom, and truth, and honour true,
 The beauteous mother's open face,
 The father's social heart I seem to view,
 And therefore am I charm'd, musicians sweet, with you.

'Tis mine to hear the transient strain,
 And by that charm the ear is bound,
 And I will treasure up the sound :—
 But oh ! how blest the swain,
 When each sweet girl becomes the tender wife,
 Who such musicians hear ; who such may love through life !

P. L. Courtier has recently sung, with *soul-enriching* melody, the PLEASURES of SOLITUDE. In the following address to his book, he happily pretends that fortitude, which ought to accompany every literary adventurer, who may be reasonably conscious of desert.

GO, cherish'd page ! and be thy aim
 With soothing numbers to impart
 Honour's high pulse, love's genial flame ;
 And charm the bosom's painful smart.
 On thee may pensive virtue dwell !
 On thee may beauty sweetly smile !
 Nor to a youthful minstrel's shell,
 Gay hope refuse to list, a while.
 Yet, if the frown of cold disdain,
 Or malice thou art doom'd to bear ;
 Learn, like thy master, to sustain,
 What, like him, thou art form'd to bear.

The Poet, above named, has, in this extract from his miscellaneous poems, very prettily revealed his intimacy with "*the cherub contemplation*."

TO A FRIEND,

WHO REPROACHES ME OF MELANCHOLY.

TO me the budding scenes decay,
Which glow'd in fancy's brightest hue ;
For hope's gay spring, and youthful May,
Ere rapture kind, in haste withdrew !

I saw their quick, unheeding flight,
And would, (did prayers but aught avail,)
Have snatch'd them from encircling night,
And bade the sun of peace prevail.

Friendship was mine, and friends more warm,
The feeling bosom never knew,
Till in misfortune's pelting storm,
The glow-worms glisten'd from my view.

Still love appear'd ; the rosy boy,
With many a festal year entwin'd ;
But love could flatter, to decoy,
And wreck, in sport, the pensive mind.

Yet vain regret I do not count
Among the number of my woes ;—
The sweets of pleasure's fairy mount,
The joy, that no abatement knows.

Nature herself must wane and die,
And soaring genius stoop to dust :
'Twere impious then to waft the sigh,
At once repining and unjust.

The griefs I mourn, entrench too deep
Within the foldings of the breast,
For aught, but death's oblivious sleep,
To give this throbbing spirit rest !

LOVE SONG,

ADAPTED TO MODERN TIMES.

I.

BOAST not to me the charms, that grace
The finest form, or fairest face ;
Shape, bloom, and features I despise ;
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wife.

II.

Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring,
Oh, bring the deeds of thine estate,
Thy quit rents, mortgages, and plate.

III.

Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasure in the stocks ;
Oh, hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

IV.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows ;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and scrip.

A SONG.

MY slumbers were pleasant, when last I reclin'd
On my pillow, and thought of my love,
Our hearts were in mutual endearment entwin'd,
And gladness sat smiling above.
Our hands were united, and swiftly we flew,
My Eliza ! o'er mountain and vale ;
With the beams of the morning we brush'd off the dew
And sang with the breath of the gale.
On the wings of the wind we embark on the waves,
And dance on the face of the deep ;
Our vessel the billowy wilderness braves,
And music lulls ocean asleep.
The transport, that charm'd us while deaf to the roar
Of the wind and the thundering stream,
Were, alas ! but the creatures of fancy—no more,
Than the shadowy sport of a dream.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

“QUOD NOVUM, ET OPTIMUM, FALLACIQUE FAMÂ VULGATUM.”

BESIDE a REVIEW of AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS, we design in this department to notice the most considerable foreign works in Philology, Poetry, History, Moral Philosophy and Theology.

From the numerous interesting publications, which have recently appeared in England, perhaps we can select none, that may be more gratifying to the lovers of Biography, than

The Life and Posthumous Writings of WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. with an Introductory Letter to the Right Honorable EARL COWPER; by WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.—Published in London, 1803. In Boston, by W. Pelham, Manning and Loring, and E. Lincoln, 1803.—2 vols. 12mo.

The secluded manner, in which Cowper generally passed his life, affords his biographer scarcely any materials, excepting his opinions and literary progress. But these alone are amply sufficient to give strong attractions to a memoir of any one, who has acquired such universal reverence and admiration. “By possessing,” says Mr. Hayley, “the rare and double talent to familiarize and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar, Cowper naturally becomes a favourite with readers of every description. His works must interest every nation under Heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail. The whole literary world sustained such a loss in his death, as inspired the friends of genius and virtue with universal concern. It soon became a general wish, that some authentic and copious memorial of a character so highly interesting should be produced with all becoming dispatch; not only to render due honour to the dead, but to alleviate the regret of a nation, taking a just and liberal pride in the reputation of a Poet, who had obtained, and deserved her applause, her esteem and her affection.”

In this work, Mr. Hayley has adopted the method of MASON in his *Life of Gray*, and of Dr. CURRIE in his *Life of Burns*;
Vol. I. No. 1.

and, as far as he may be accounted the writer of these volumes, he deserves no small praise for his sprightliness, elegance and fidelity. His professed object was to collect and arrange the letters of Cowper, in order to make him, as far as possible, become his own biographer. Where these were deficient, he has supplied such narratives and anecdotes, as render the whole a complete and satisfactory memoir. He has likewise subjoined some observations on the genius and principal works of his hero. In these perhaps he may, and with some propriety, be accused of showing more ardent friendship than impartial criticism. But what reader of sensibility, after perusing the works of "*that amiable man, and enchanting author,*" can coldly search out trivial faults, or suppress a rising admiration? The plan he pursued, is undoubtedly well calculated to gratify every curious inquirer.

The POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS of COWPER consist chiefly of Letters and Poems, all of which participate in the well-known character of the other writings of their author. Respecting these letters, we readily acquiesce with MR. HAYLEY in observing that they appear to be "faithful representatives of his heart."

"He could never subscribe to that dangerous and sophistical dogma of Dr. Johnson, in his spleenetic disquisition on the letters of Pope, that "Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity."

"It certainly has such a tendency, and in proportion to the sense, and the goodness of the writer; for a sensible and a good man must rather wish to afford his bosom friend the most accurate knowledge of his real character, than to obtain a precarious increase of regard by any sort of illusion. The great charm of confidential epistolary intercourse to such a man arises from the persuasion, that veracity is not dangerous in speaking of his own defects, when he is speaking to a true, and a considerate friend.

"The letters not intended for the eye of the public have generally obtained the greatest share of popular applause; and for this reason, because such letters display no profusion of studied ornaments, but abound in the simple and powerful attractions of nature and truth.

"Letters indeed will ever please, when they are frank, confidential conversations on paper between persons of well-principled and highly cultivated minds, of graceful manners, and of tender affections.

"The language of such letters must of course have that mixture of ease and elegance, peculiarly suited to such composition, and most happily exemplified in the letters of Cicero and of Cowper.—These two great masters

of a perfect epistolary style have both mentioned their own excellent and simple rule for attaining it—to use only the language of familiar conversation.”

We present the following extracts from his letters, as specimens of his familiar style and sentiments. By these the reader may anticipate the manner and excellence of the whole.

In a letter to a young friend he writes ;

“ There are, perhaps, few arduous undertakings that are not in fact more arduous than we at first supposed them. As we proceed, difficulties increase upon us ; but our hopes gather strength also, and we conquer difficulties, which, could we have foreseen them, we should never have had the boldness to encounter. May this be your experience, as I doubt not that it will. You possess by nature all that is necessary to success in the profession that you have chosen. What remains is in your own power. They say of poets that they must be born such ; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers, and so indeed must men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel. But with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they must still be. I am persuaded that Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost*, nor Homer his *Iliad*, nor Newton his *Principia* without immense labour. Nature gave them a bias to their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius. The rest they gave themselves. “ *Maacte esto*,” therefore, have no fears for the issue !”

To the same in another letter, he says ;

“ Johnson’s plan of prefixing my phiz to the new edition of my Poems, is by no means a pleasant one to me ; and so I told him in a letter I sent him from Earham, in which I assured him that my objections to it would not be easily surmounted. But if you judge it may really have an effect in advancing the sale, I would not be so squeamish as to suffer the spirit of prudery to prevail in me to his disadvantage. Somebody told an author, I forget whom, that there was more vanity in refusing his picture, than in granting it ; on which he instantly complied. I do not perfectly feel all the force of the argument, but it shall content me that he did.”

The Poems, that are here first published, seem to have wanted a finishing revision. Several of them however, in point of simplicity and pathetic energy, are scarcely inferior to many in the former collections. That “ *ON FRIENDSHIP*,” is particularly valuable on account of its important instruction. The editor justly observes, that “ this sprightly little poem contains the essence of all, that has been said on this interesting subject, by the best writers of different countries.” These extracts may illustrate the Author’s refined estimation of the subject.

"Who hopes a friend, should have a
heart
Himself, well furnish'd for the part,
And ready on occasion
To shew the virtue that he seeks;
For, 'tis an union, that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

"To prove, alas! my main intent
Needs no great cost of argument,
No cutting and contriving.
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chymist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

"Then judge before you choose your
As circumspectly as you can, [man,
And, having made election,
See, that no disrespect of yours,
Such, as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

"As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First rivets our attention;
So, manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

"Pursue the theme, and you shall find
A disciplin'd and furnish'd mind
To be at least expedient;
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

"True friendship has in short a grace
More than terrestrial in its face,
That proves it heaven-descended.
Man's love of woman not so pure,
Nor when sincerest, so secure,
To last till life is ended."

In several of these poems many beautiful passages will be easily discerned by every reader of taste.

At the close of his memoir, Mr. Hayley has quoted from the manuscript of a friend, who has written a series of observations on the poetry of Cowper. An extract from these quotations will appear in our next Number.

Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet.—To which are added Memoirs by himself.—Philadelphia Edition. 1798.

CONDORCET seems too much prejudiced in Voltaire's favour to be an impartial biographer. He is one of those self-created French philosophers, who look with supreme contempt on every opinion not authorized by their own self conceit. Being himself a professed deist, he treats religion of all kinds and all its votaries with equal disdain. Every appearance of sanctity, and indeed every display of seriousness he stigmatizes with the odious charge of hypocrisy. His religion he professes is reason, and his pretensions would be the more readily allowed, did he shew, that he was governed by its precepts.

The style, as it appears in the translation, partakes of that vivacity common to French writers, and of that obscurity, which, to whomsoever we must impute it, is frequent in translations

from the French. There are, however, fewer examples of the latter in this work, than common. It may, on the whole, be pronounced well-written. He has begun with his hero in the cradle, and traced him through the various and complicated scenes of an active and enthusiastic life.

It seems ever to have been a darling object with Voltaire to overturn all religions, on whatever foundations they are supported. It is natural, however, to remark, that most of his objections against religion apply solely to its corruptions; and that many of them, if traced to their true source, might be imputed to Roman Catholics alone.

To effect his sanguine purposes his weapons were ridicule, his scene of action, the theatre. He hesitated at no means, fair or unfair, to accomplish his beloved object. He himself declares, that he rejected the aid of reason in effecting his plans, because this would impress only a few. Ridicule, says he, will the more easily engross attention, and influence decision. It is therefore generally allowed, that he displayed, to an astonishing degree, the powers of wit.

But his followers and admirers, and among the rest his biographer, not content with this, have endeavoured to procure him the merit of a universal genius and scholar. To this end, they take great pains to prove, that he was a profound mathematician and a subtle metaphysician, as well as ingenious poet; imagining, if they can once maintain that he supported a character so apparently inconsistent, they can easily gain him the credit of every other science. But they, who examine the proofs of this strange assertion, as well as they who consider the necessary limits of the human mind, will not admit a supposition so incredible without the fullest evidence.

His name resounds in the French nation, especially, since their *great revolution*, as the greatest scholar they have ever produced. There is but little doubt, that he was one very influential cause of their revolution, both in religion and government; and it cannot be well imagined that they will ever permanently establish the latter without more rational sentiments of the former.

Voltaire was often obliged to change his residence, and even his country, through the freedom of his opinions and writings.

At one time he was embraced by the king of Prussia, at another he finds a welcome in Paris. Again he retreats to Geneva to avoid the horrors of persecution. The latter was the place of his most constant abode. If we may believe Condorcet, he had astonishing influence in all the courts of Europe.

That he died in the christian faith has been attempted to be made manifest, or has at least been hinted by Priestley in his letters against T. Paine. But this appears highly improbable. His biographer says, that from interested views he professed it, and, while he represents it as a mere prudential act, he even condemns it as having the appearance of pusillanimity. It cannot be supposed, that one, who had spent the greater part of 84 years in undermining Christianity, and studying principally the arguments, which opposed it, should at the close of life renounce all his long established opinions; or, if he pretended it, that his declarations would be the offspring of rational conviction.

God's Challenge to Infidels to defend their cause, illustrated and applied in a Sermon, delivered in WEST SPRINGFIELD, May 4, 1797, being the day of GENERAL FAST. By JOSEPH LATHROP, D. D. Minister of the first parish in said town. Second edition.—Printed at the University Press in Cambridge, by W. Hilliard. 1803.

"Produce your cause, saith the Lord, bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob." Isa. xli. 21.

THE character of Dr. LATHROP, as a preacher and a scholar, has, for a long time, been highly distinguished. We hear that the volume of sermons, which he published some years ago, is generally admired in this country, and as far as it is known in England, it is warmly applauded. His discourses commonly abound in religious and moral precepts, conveyed in an impressive and elegant manner.

In our opinion, the Sermon, now under consideration, possesses very extraordinary merit. The field of argument has been, heretofore, so often, and so thoroughly explored, that uncommon learning, penetration and discernment have become requisite to produce a *new plea* for the authenticity and importance of the Christian revelation. Yet some of the arguments, that are here used, appear equally new and excellent; and many of those, which have long been familiar, are so judiciously man-

aged, as to call forth a more lively attention to their irresistible strength. The close connexion, maintained throughout the whole discourse, renders it difficult to quote any passage without losing advantages, that are given by the collateral parts. It is to be ardently wished, that this, as well as the other writings of that worthy Divine, may be generally circulated, both for the conviction of sceptics, and the confirmation of Christians.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

IN a book, entitled "*An Essay on abstinence from animal food, as a moral duty*," published about a year ago, by JOSEPH RITSON, we find the following paragraph. "Mr. Richard Phillips, the publisher of this compilation, a lusty, healthy, active and well-looking man, has desisted from animal food for upward of twenty years : and the compiler himself, induced to serious reflection by the perusal of Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, in the year 1772, being the nineteenth year of his age, has ever since, to the revival of this sheet, firmly adhered to a milk and vegetable diet, having at least never tasted, during the whole course of those thirty years, a morsel of flesh, fish, or fowl, or any thing prepared in or with those substances, or any extract thereof, except on one occasion, when tempted by wet, cold and hunger, in the south of Scotland, he ventured to eat a few potatoes, dressed under the roast ; nothing less repugnant to his feelings being to be had ; or except by ignorance or imposition ; unless it may be in eating eggs, which however deprives no animal of life, though it may prevent some from coming into the world, to be murdered and devoured by others."

DURING the first *run* of Mr. Brooks's tragedy of the "*Earl of Essex*," at Drury Lane Theatre, Sheridan, who personated the *Earl*, being in conversation with Dr. Johnson, was loud in the praise of Brooks's sentiments and poetry. The Doctor, who had neither read nor seen the work recommended, desired to be furnished with some specimen of its excellence. On this Mr.

Sheridan repeated the *tag* at the end of the first act, concluding with this line :

“To rule o’er freemen, should themselves be free.”

This mode of reasoning, observed the Doctor, is conclusive in such a degree, that it will lose nothing of its force, even though we should apply it to a more familiar subject, as follows :

“Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat.”

THE Rev. W. Cockburn gained the *Seatonian* prize, last summer, by a poem on St Peter’s denial of Christ, which is now published in London, and highly applauded.

DR. Percival of Manchester, a polite and elegant writer, has just published a work, which comprehends a general system of *Medical Ethics*. The work is addressed to the Medical Profession at large. The aphoristic form has been chosen, as best calculated to define with precision those principles of urbanity and rectitude, which should govern the conduct of the members of that profession to their patients and to each other.

EBEHARD of HALLE, a philosophical writer, highly renowned by his “Apology for Socrates,” has lately favoured the literary world with a second volume of his “Theory of the Belles Lettres.”

JOHN DAVIS, an English traveller, (whose name has been frequently mentioned, while he resided among us) has lately published in Bristol a book, with the title of “Travels of four years and a half in the United States of America—during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802; dedicated by permission to T. Jefferson, Esq. President of the United States.” In his preface he says, “In the progress of my work it will be discovered, that I have not joined myself to that frantic crew of Deists, who would prostrate every institution, human or divine. Though I dedicate my book to a republican, it is not the magistrate, but the man, whom I address. I am no republican! no federalist! I have learned to estimate rightly the British constitution; and I think no system of Government so perfect, as that of Kings, Lords, and Commons.”

WE understand that Mrs. S. Rowson has sent to the press of GILBERT and DEAN, in Boston, a volume of original and translated Poems. The well-known literary powers of that Lady, invite our high expectation of their merit. They will probably be published in the course of a few weeks.

§ We are sorry, that want of room obliges us to omit the Review of the *Columbian Museum* by MARIANO. Had it arrived before THIS NUMBER was filled, it should have had a place. It shall however appear in OUR NEXT; and we hope to be favoured with a description of the principal curiosities in the Museum, by the same correspondent.